

The Day Before

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The Day Before

**Title: The Day Before
> Author: Kate Marie
 Disclaimer: This is not my world I just play with it.
> Rating: PG for sappy stuff
 Summery: ::evil laugh:: You read it yourself.
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SThe Day BeforeS
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> Harry paced in the standard Star Fleet Quarters. How could he possibly get himself out of this one? The words he wanted to say were only for two sets of ears that just couldn't listen. What could he do?....
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Three Days Before
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"Good Morning, Seven," Harry said as he walked into Astrometrics, "the captain told me that you could use so help."
> "Thank you, Ensign Kim, your help would be most appreciated."
 "What can I do?"
> "Start analyzing grid 429 of the C-type nebula. It's currently five light years away."
 "All right. I didn't know the probe could pick up that far."

> "Nor did I."

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Yes, that was something he could say. He could speak of her as most would, but he didn't feel that way.....

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****Two Days Before****

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"Ensign Kim, state your intentions," Seven of Nine said as he entered Cargo Bay II.

> "I just wanted to talk to you, Seven." She put the PADD she was working on down and turned towards him.
 "You may proceed."

> "I just wondered if you ever get lonely working here all alone all the time."
 "I do not. Now that your question has been answered....."

> "I'm not done talking to you, Seven. I just can't believe you never get lonely."
 She took a deep breath, "There are times when I do feel a need for ...companionship.....but not at this moment, Ensign Kim"

>
 Yes, that was another side of her, but still like the last. She was willing to share part of herself, but still, she isolated everything about her. Harry laid on his bed think of her and the occurrences of the day before, less the 24 hours ago. But then.....

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****One Day Before**

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"Ensign Kim, report to my ready room," the captain said to him as the crew partied happily in the tropical beach simulation, everyone but Seven. The captain left quickly, disappearing into the crowd, and Harry followed after her. When he arrived in her ready room she and Seven of Nine were already there.

> "Thank you for joining us Mr. Kim," the Captain began. "We have a little emergency on our hands. It seems that the probe we launched a few days ago has left it's orbit and I need you to retrieve it."
 "Now? In the middle of the party?"

> "I'm afraid so Mr. Kim. We Chakotay and B'Elanna talked it over. If we wait any longer we'll lose the probe to the nebula. The three of us will monitor your progress for Astrometrics. This will only take a few hours and the party's till Midnight, so you won't miss much. Dismissed." She has a point, Harry thought, _it's only 1900 hours (8:00 PM)._

> With that Harry and Seven headed for the shuttle bay. The hopped into a standard star fleet shuttle and went out into open space. Locating the probe was not hard, it only took a few minuets. Getting it back in orbit was harder. "I'm locking the probe with a tractor beam," Harry said, "got it."
 "I'm reprogramming the orbit into it's main computer." She worked for a few moments and then paused. "It's not working."

> "I'm running a level one diagnostic on the computer core." He waited. "Everything is showing up normal."
 "Very well, perhaps I am at fault. I'm reprograming the orbit into the probe's main computer." She waited a few moments. "It has malfunctioned again. The probe has stopped orbit."

> "Janeway to Kim. What going on?"
 "We don't know captain, I think a minor command processor is malfunctioning, but all scan come up normal. We'll try again, Kim out." With that Harry looked up a Seven. "Mind if I take a turn at bat?"

> She nodded, looking a little annoyed with his choice of words, and switched seats with him. "All right, I'm reprograming the orbit into the probe's main computer."
 "Ensign Kim, you just set off the self distrust signal," Seven said in a concerned tone. She worked at her counsel. "I can't over ride it."

> "OK, I'm taking us out," Harry said.
 "Explosion in 5...4...3...2...1..." Seven said, and as her voice called out the last number a violent shake over came the shuttle. Flames sparked and loud noises sounded. Harry heard the static sound of his comm bag as they tried to contact him, but that faded away and soon didn't matter. Harry found himself helpless on the floor when the shaking stopped.

> "Seven," he said weakly as he turned him head to face her.
 "Harry..." she said in an even weaker voice. She looked horrible, covered with burns and gashes that leaked fountains of blood. "I think I'm scared now."

> "It will be OK," he assured her, using all him energy to move his hand to hers and grasp the lifeless matter composed of bones and flesh. "I love you, Seven. You won't die."
 She, looked at him, concerned, but not quite surprised. "I know," she whispered, "you've always been so kind..." her voice trailed off and her eyes started to close.

> "Seven," he called, trying to bring her back, "Seven." He rubbed her hand but to no effect. She looked so peaceful in her sleep that only the devil could cause. Content with the fact that she was in no pain, and sure the doctor could treat her, Harry allowed his own eyes to close.

2300 hours (11:00 PM)
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Harry fluttered his eyes open to see that he was in sickbay. She tried to sit up, but the doctor restrained him. "You're in sick bay Mr. Kim," he said, "you were in a shuttle accident." Harry looked around to see that the captain, his best friend Tom, and his other good friend B'Elanna were standing over him.

> "We almost lost you, bud," Tom said. Harry nodded his head as his thoughts and memories cleared.
 "Seven," he choked out, "what happened to Seven?"

> Those words brought a grim feeling to the room. The doctors expression of concern changed to one of deep sorrow. B'Elanna looked away, almost in shame. Tom started to stare out into space with a blank expression on his face and tears started to well up in Kathryn Janeway's eyes and pour down her face. "I'm afraid didn't make it. She died on the shuttle before we were able to help her," the doctor said. Harry nodded, feeling his own tears starting to pour. It was times like that Harry felt sorry for the doctor, carrying to burden of bringing awful news. Seven, he wondered in the silence of his mind, _I was going to get to know, I told you I loved you. How could you die?

>

> And now, twelve hours later as Harry prepared the talk about her life he had been asked to give for her funeral that would be held the next day, he wondered the same question. Why had he left her now? When there seemed to be hope?
 "But I haven't left you, have I," a voice said. Harry sat up and searched.

> "Seven," he said as he saw her, "but you're....."
 "Dead? Yes, I know. I just never got a chance to say good bye to anyone."
> "Seven please say that everything that happened yesterday was a dream and you're in here to show me I'm hallucinating. Like I have a fever or something."
 "Harry, you know that is not true. I died. I wanted to thank you, Harry, you were always so kind and open towards me. Even though I never really showed it, I appreciated that more than anything. Of all the things I'll need to leave behind, I'll miss you most of all." Harry took a moment to let all the new information soak in. "I love you." And another pause while Harry let himself understand. Seven had loved him. In her very Borg was she had loved him.
> "So," he asked, "How does it feel to be dead."
 She smiled. "It is without fear," she told him. "Please, don't be afraid because you know I won't be there, I am still here, just not in the same way, and if you ever need me, just say a prayer before you dream. Captain Janeway is taking this very hard, I need you to promise me you'll watch over her. Anyone else who misses me will most likely come to you. I'm sorry I left you with that burden...."
> "Don't be. It's something I want." She nodded.
 "Good bye, Harry," she said as the room faded away and he opened his eyes to again see his room. He looked over at his clock. 1330 hours it read. Harry had been in a two hour sleep. He was glad to have his last moment with Seven, and knew just what to say at her funeral.
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****Funeral**
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Harry looked out at the small crowd that consisted of the senior staff members, Naomi Wildman and the Borg children. All the children were bawling their eyes out, as Harry, Tom, and surprisingly B'Elanna had done earlier, and the captain was still doing. "Well, we're here to celebrate the life of Seven of Nine, also known as Annika Hanson. We never knew much about her childhood, the one she barely had, and her Borg years are a total mystery. So even though she was a woman of twenty-seven, she only really lived for three years here on Voyager, and I am honored to have shared those years with her. Now, when I look back at her, she wasn't a personalityless former drone that most people labeled her as, she did have emotions, but lacked the understanding of how to express them. Being one of her closest friends I could see them, and I guarantee she cared for all of us, though it may not have always seemed like that, especially the children. Seven will be missed, but I know she lives on. I don't know what Seven's beliefs were, but a few months ago I had a conversation with her about death, and I wish for all of you to look upon it as she did. 'Death is irrelevant, it is only an extension of life.'"
With that Harry stepped away from the casket, knowing he didn't want to give her up, the last part of her he had, but doing so anyway. "I love you," he thought when everyone was given the chance to step up to the casket and see her one last time. Then she was sent to be in the space she had always called home.
> ~~~~~Finish
 Liked it? Loved it? Despised it? I'll take any feedback you can give me. I happened to know I've given some of you reviews, so please tell me what you think.

End
file.